

# COBBETT'S WEEKLY REGISTER.

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## THE QUEEN'S ADVISERS.

Worth, Sussex, 28 Aug. 1821.

I FIND, in a Paper, called the *Irishman*, published at *Belfast*, not an *accusation* against me, as to these unhappy advisers, or, rather, givers of unhappy advice; but, certainly, a *misrepresentation*, though, apparently, from the general tone of the paper, unintentional. The passage to which I allude will be found in the following article, great part of which I insert, for the purpose of showing, that there are not wanting some men in Ireland to express boldly their sorrow for the untimely death of the most injured of women, and to express disgust at the nauseous adulation paid to the King, in which adulation, by-the-bye, those sleek gentlemen, the Quakers, have not been ashamed to join.

When it pleased God that her late Majesty should enjoy power and strength to defend herself against the most atrocious conspiracy that ever was put on record, *The Irishman* felt it his duty

to give his humble support to the truth and justice of her cause—in the performance of that duty we acted in obedience to the impulse of our conviction of the innocence of a persecuted and great woman; and now that the grave has closed upon all her sorrows, and that a termination has been put to all her unparalleled sufferings, we shall not dash the cup of public joy, held up at this moment to the nation's lip, by any painful allusion to that series of suffering to which our late unfortunate Queen was doomed to be the victim. We cannot, however, throw into the shade the prominent and notorious fact, that in the person of the late Queen public opinion achieved a triumph unexampled in the history of England. Backed by public opinion and her own innocence, the late intrepid Queen of England laid prostrate the whole host of *perjury* which corruption marshalled against her, the most powerful Government in the world surrendered to her superior strength. and mankind were doomed to witness the victory of a single female arm over the congregated force of the Ministers of the British Empire. In this struggle the principles of public liberty were fearlessly developed—the true source of Royal power humbly acknowledged—popular rights boldly asserted, and a foundation laid for the successful exertions of popular opinion in all future struggles, firmly and radically laid. To meet the power of the Queen, it was necessary to defer to the same authority which bore her so triumphant through her difficulties; it was necessary to appeal to the people—to court their favour—to balance one party against the other—to wield even neglected Ireland against the deep and threatening indignation of England—to throw seven millions of Irishmen into the scale against the power-

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ful Radicals of the English nation. Such was the fruit of the great struggle made by her late Majesty—a struggle unparalleled in the talents it displayed, the heroism it put forth, and the triumph it achieved. *A great political writer, Mr. Cobbett, labours to impeach and blacken the motives and conduct of the late Queen's advisers. However injudicious some of that conduct may have been, we are far from suspecting the motives that dictated it. Never did there appear in the advocacy of any human being a greater quantity of chivalrous zeal—a greater display of gallant devotion—a finer exhibition of intellectual powers. We write these lines in the Metropolis, in the midst of a public intoxicated by hope, drunk with joy and gratitude and the most abject servility—our Playhouses open—our Bells silent—our Queen dead! What will the high and inflexible integrity of the North say to this?*

Whether this gentleman be correct, in looking upon the *royal visit* to Ireland as a sort of *appeal* to that part of the kingdom against the decision of England, I do not take upon me to say. Whether *Ireland* owes this mark of condescension to *the Queen*, the reader must judge; but, I have said a hundred times over, that the people of England and Scotland owed her, and now owe her memory, more than they have ever before owed to any human being. She did us more good in six months, than ever was before done to any people in scores of years. The horrid state that we were in, at the time of her arrival, admits of no adequate description. Men were really afraid to speak to one another upon any matter con-

nected, even in the most distant degree, with the government. Nobody seemed to think that there was any *security* beyond the pale of public authority. Not a man, not a tax-eater or a police personage, appeared to dare to open his mouth. Men really spoke in *whispers*; even confidential friends did, when they ventured to speak about the acts of those in authority.

The Queen, the injured Queen, "*the Queen of blessed memory*," which is the title she always ought to bear, dispelled, at once, this cloud of abject slavery. She, forlorn, deserted, penniless little creature, as she was; she, by that one act, of scrambling down the pier of Calais at midnight, flinging herself into an *English* boat, and saying "*Now I am safe!*" She, by that one act, by *throwing herself upon us for protection*, actually delivered this country from slavery as abject as it is possible for my mind to form an idea of. We were got into that state, that men spoke in whispers in coffee-houses and eating-houses! The nation seemed to have *given itself up*. Those, indeed, who viewed the thing as I did, saw, in the DEBT, the sure and certain means of *final deliverance* from this degraded, this infamous state. We who relied on the *Debt* had

hope alive in our bosoms ; but, the Nation, generally speaking, had abandoned itself to despair.

The injured and gallant little Queen roused us from this abject state. She stirred up the *women*, who made the men ashamed of themselves : she roused *all*, and she drew forth from *that particular class of men*, whose demonstrations are always of the most *decided*, and *most deciding* character, the indication of *their thoughts* and, indeed, of *their intentions* ! In short, the spell was broken ; and England and Scotland were once more countries where men dared speak their minds. The Queen's cause was the *people's cause*. The Queen triumphed, and the people triumphed. How it came to pass that the Queen's life was not preserved ; how it came to pass that she fell into despair, while all before her was so promising, so full of hope of long and happy days, I shall endeavour fully to explain in my *History of her persecutions, sufferings, and death*, which I hope to have ready for publication in the space of a month or six weeks. In that work I shall, as I have before notified, introduce *copies of the Letters, which I wrote to her Majesty on her arrival and soon afterwards*, and which I sent di-

rectly to herself, without the instrumentality of any third party. It is my object to do *justice* to the memory of this most injured of human beings ; and to show, that *the people were right* from the beginning to the end of the struggle.

I cannot, however, do this without shewing that her Majesty's *advisers* acted *wrong*. I have shown this in divers instances ; but, I must now do it in a more methodical manner. And, as to their *motives*, they must, of course, as in all other cases, be inferred from the *acts*. The writer, whom I have quoted above, says, that I have laboured to *impeach* and *blacken* their motives. I have, begging his pardon, laboured for no such purpose. My object has been to *clear the Queen* ; to keep her and her memory free from *stain* ; and this is utterly impossible, if we admit the conduct of the advisers to have been good. "She could have *chosen others*," some will say. Ah ! It is to shew how she was *hampered* ; how difficult it was for her *to do this* ; how she was distracted and tormented ; it is *to do this*, that is one of the great objects of my undertaking.

If this gentleman means, that *the people* displayed *chivalrous*



zeal in the defence of her Majesty, agreed; though they barely did their duty towards their more than chivalrous deliverer. But, really, to talk of the *chivalrous zeal* of her *official defenders* is a little too much, after all the laughter that the empty and childish boast of *Lawyer Denman* has excited. I thought that that boast had made the brace of brothers, who had "still kept together in their chivalry," until one of them had implored the Lords to dismiss the Queen in the words of Jesus Christ to the harlot; I thought, that this strange, this inflated, this preposterous boast had rendered the two heroes

"Sacred to ridicule their whole life long;

"And the sad burden of some merry song."

But, it seems, that the writer above-quoted really looks upon the vain and foolish boast as the *statement of a fact*. He takes the two boasters upon their own recommendation, which is, I beg leave to observe, contrary to all the rules, relative to such matters, known amongst men. However, he may well be excused. He was at a distance from the scene of operation. A thousand things, in such a case, find their way into *conversation*, that do not reach the press. The *people*, even of London, were, in many respects, de-

ceived as to these two *Lawyers*, and, indeed, as to all the *Lawyers*. Lawyer Brougham's portrait was printed on *handkerchiefs*, and *paired with that of the Queen!* It was seen in hundreds of places, as a transparency, in the *illuminations!* Nay, so lately as only about six weeks ago, "*Brougham and Denman*," formed the motto of the flag of a procession which went with an address to the Queen! So that it is not so very surprizing, and certainly by no means blameable, in this gentleman to suppose, that these advisers had the merit of *zeal* in her Majesty's cause.

However, this only shows the necessity of doing, in a regular manner, *justice* to the memory of the injured Queen, who fell a victim to chagrin, while these were her advisers. This ought to be done, and shall be done, *right away*; for, if we delay, the incidents of that grand drama, the DEBT, will crowd upon us so fast, that this task of most sacred duty will never be performed. The memory of the Queen will, in time, have justice done it all over the world. However, I will take upon myself to say, that it shall be done *in England and in America*.



## THE INQUESTS.

It appears, that the Inquests on the bodies of the two men, killed at the fight, at the Tyburn-gate of Hyde-Park, on the day of the Queen's funeral, have returned, in one case, or in both cases, a verdict of *wilful murder*. It is impossible to insert, in a work like this, the *whole* of the Evidence; and, to take parts of it would not be fair. Indeed, it would be rather injurious than otherwise to the cause of justice to enter into any discussion of the subject, until the matter has been decided in the legal way.

However, deaths have taken place; murders have been committed; innocent blood has been shed; and that, too, observe, over the corpse of the Queen; over the dead body of the wife of the King, who was listening to the congratulatory shouts of joy in the capital of Ireland, while his wife, in her shroud, was receiving the farewell of the people in the capital of England; and while, over the body of that wife, his soldiers were fighting with, and killing some of his subjects! Assuredly this is such a thing as the world never before heard of; and such a thing as, until now, must have been re-

garded as impossible. Nevertheless, it is literally true; and, the picture wants no *heightening*; it admits of none. The bare facts are sufficient for every purpose. They strike the heart at once, as the light strikes the eyes.

The conduct of those, who have been the *cause* of this *great scandal*, is the thing that ought to rivet our attention. I have no idea of any thing being done about it *in parliament*. Even if I could turn the present men out of place by it I would not do it. They are just as good, in the present circumstances, and as long as the system lasts, as any that would succeed them. But, what I mean by *attention* to the *cause* of this monstrous scandal, this fight, these killings, these murders, this shedding of innocent blood, over the Queen in her shroud, is, our *own attention*, the *people's attention*, to that cause; bearing in mind, that an act was passed only about nineteen months before this fight, to punish with *banishment* (and it was to have been *transportation*) any one, who did any thing tending to bring the *Royal Family* into *hatred* or *contempt*! After the passing of this act; after the Lord Chancellor, as stated in the report of the debates, had said, that the bill was

"spoiled" by leaving out the punishment of transportation; after all this, and after trial after trial and punishment after punishment, on the grounds of the parties having endeavoured to bring Royalty into contempt; and thereby to "undermine the constitution" and to introduce anarchy, confusion and pillage; after all this, we saw the very men, who had brought in and carried through famous SIX-ACTS; we saw these very men, bring into the same bodies who had passed those acts, who had enacted the *banishment* and had hardly abstained from enacting the *transportation*; we saw these very men, bring into those same bodies, *green bags*, as they before had done with regard to the conduct of the king's subjects, and tell those bodies, that those bags were filled with grounds of *accusation against the King's wife*!

Ah! but, was this all? We saw these same men, bring into one of the enacting bodies, a paper in the form of a *Bill*, declaring the wife of the King to have been guilty of acts of adultery, and of *prostitution* so foul and so base and so detestable as to shock even the common harlots that walk the streets by night. Nay, more, we heard the Attorney-General, who acts on the authority of these very

men, declare that he was instructed to say, that he could *prove*, that the King's wife had, at her own desire, been amongst the spectators in witnessing *an exhibition of an imitation of the act of sexual intercourse*! Good God! And these were the very men who called for heavy and heavier and heavier punishments, even the punishments due to felons, on the heads of those who should do any thing *tending*, only *tending*, to bring the King or royal family into *hatred* or *contempt*!

To follow these men and their abettors through the whole of their proceedings down to that fatal hour that witnessed the death of this injured lady, is to form part of the task that I have imposed upon myself and that I have before spoken of. But, this *last act*, this endeavour to cause the cold corpse of the Queen to be dragged away through *bye-lanes* and dirty *outskirts*, instead of suffering it to go along the broad and direct road! This act; and to persevere in it, too, in defiance of the people, until blood had been shed in the contest; and this, observe, after a remonstrance had been made in the most supplicating and impressive strain by LADY HOOD! *This act* it is on which I wish the attention of the people to be fixed!

The act, and especially the perseverance in it after remonstrance, must have had some *powerful motive*. The command came from the government. BAILEY, the undertaker man; the letter-out of mourning coaches, horses, hearses, mutes and feathers; *this man*, yea this fellow it was, as appears from the newspapers, that was the depository of the *route*! It is stated, that he said to the Queen's Executors and household, that he should do his duty with *firmness*! An *Undertaker's firmness*! How catching this official slang is! The *firmness* of a coffin-seller! What, then, was it *he* who commanded the gravel-pit expedition! We shall see whether commendations and other demonstrations of approbation await him! What, were the soldiers, too, under *his* direction! This is a question well worth answering, if not by the *firm* undertaker, by somebody else.

Taking the whole of the thing from the death of the Queen to the act of putting the corpse on board of ship, this is an affair more *scandalous*, in the eyes of the world, and tending more to *degrade royalty*, than any that has ever been witnessed in the world, the *Bill* and the *Trial* always, however, excepted. Nevertheless, I do not

wish to see the subject *brought before parliament*. I see no good that can result from that. The affair needs no elucidation. We all *understand it*, and understand it well too. All we have to do is to keep it always *fresh in our minds*.

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### JUDGES' CHARGES.

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THESE gentlemen are now on their *circuit*; and it is not amiss to watch a little their language to *Grand Juries*, especially where we find that language given in reports in news-papers. A few years ago, the Morning Chronicle published what is called a *charge* of Judge *Bailey* at *York*. This charge, or report, contained a lofty eulogium on *Taxation* and *National Debts*! Perhaps the gentleman may have discovered, by this time, that he was getting here a little out of his depth; for, even the pretty fellows at White-hall have *now* found out, that these are *very great evils*; that they are things which push some of the prettiest fellows in the world to their wit's end; and, *before next winter is over*, they will make further and still more useful discoveries. In the meanwhile, as Judge Bailey appears to delight in matters ap-



pertaining to public economy, I will just put one question to him: If the salaries of the Judges are *doubled*, as they were by two additions, made in 1799 and 1809, on account of *depreciated* money and of *high price of provisions*; is there any good and sufficient reason, why those salaries should not *now be reduced to their former amount*; especially as the salaries of *clerks* have been reduced on that ground?

This is a *practical* question, and I put it with an anxious desire to obtain an *answer*. I think I see Lawyer Scarlett look sour at this, twist his shoulders, and swing his tails about. But, he may be assured, that this question is very intimately connected with the *poor-rates*; and, let me ask him, how the *Labourer's wages* are to be reduced, and why they *ought* to be reduced; unless it be proper to reduce the *salaries of the Judges*?

But, I am wandering. I meant to make a remark or two on the charges, or reports of charges, delivered during the present circuit to York and at Warwick, the former by Judge Bailey, and the latter by Judge Parke. The first I take from the *Times* newspaper and the latter from the *Courier*, without, however, pretending to say that the extracts are authen-

tic, but considering them merely as *paragraphs* published.

"Mr. Justice BAYLEY charged the Jury in the following terms:—You are assembled here to perform the important office of Grand Jurymen. It is matter of satisfaction to me that the calendar contains no case of extraordinary magnitude or of great difficulty. The case that stands second in the calendar (a *charge* of rape) I wish to call your attention to, having seen the depositions. Unless you have reason to believe that *the crime can be legally proved*, it will be better not to find a bill, *since the public discussion of such an offence does harm rather than good*. There are two cases of manslaughter which cannot be charged before you beyond that extent. The charge is the want of particular care in driving. If you are satisfied there was not sufficient care, it will be your duty to present true bills. One is a case which I hope is not common in this part of the country, though it is in other places—it is death occasioned by carelessness in driving a cart or waggon. In each of those causes I am happy to find that the coroner promptly did his duty. You are aware, and I mention it more for the sake of the coroner than as instruction to you, that as soon as the coroner hears of a death that requires his attention, it is his duty immediately, and in person, to take inquisition on view of the body, so as to obtain that information which will be more difficult if he fail to act promptly. One of the advantages of meetings such as the present is, that it calls gentlemen of intelligence together from various parts of a county. If, then, any of you are aware of any defect in the police, or any improvement that would be generally beneficial, there will be great advantage in proposing it, for *nothing puts down crime so effectually as an active preventive police*."

If Judge Bailey wished the Bill, in the case of *rape*, not to be found, unless guilt could be *legally proved*; and entertained this wish too on account of the mischief

done to public morals by the detail of circumstances connected with such a charge, what must he have thought of the *prosecution of the calumniated Queen*? What must he have thought of *that trial*, which sent all over the world a mass of indecencies such as that world never before saw described in print; and that, too, taken down, printed and published by authority of the *English House of Lords*! So much for that!

Now, as to the *police*, mentioned in the close of the charge, I wholly differ from Judge Bailey. I do not like even the *word*. It is of foreign growth. It came from France, and not from the mixed and free government of that country; but from its *despotism*. From *police*, and especially "*preventive police*" you can scarcely separate the idea of *spies* (though these might not have been in the contemplation of the Judge,) which, until of late years, have always been held in horror in England. The truth is, that that is a wretched country, where a *police* is wanted even in the metropolis. Crimes are sure to abound. It is the poverty, the misery, the desperate state of the people that can call for any thing beyond ordinary justices of the peace, constables, sheriffs, judges, and jailors. A *hired*

*police* is a sure proof of a wretched people. Let the Labourer be well off; let him get his fair wages; let him have *two bushels* of wheat for his *week's work*; let gold circulate, and not paper, and there will be no need of a "*preventive police*."

"WARWICK ASSIZES.—The following is an extract from the charge of Mr. Justice Park to the Grand Jury of the County of Warwick on Monday last, the 20th instant:—

"There was one subject he had not intended to mention, but having been *informed*, that even the *retired* and *secluded* town of Warwick, was not entirely free from the *contagion* of *sedition* and *blasphemy*; it was the duty of those whom he now addressed, to attend to it, if any of that nature should be brought before them. He had some hopes that the public had attained a proper feeling on the subject, throughout the country; but it was *lamentable to know* that so much of that dangerous spirit was still in existence, and that men were still to be found zealously employed in endeavouring to undermine those virtuous principles upon which the stability of the nation and the welfare of the community, so much depended. It was impossible to say where this *dreadful contagion* would end, unless *restrained by force*. It was the duty of the Magistracy to attend to this subject with extreme vigilance, and if any cases of this kind should come to their knowledge, either individually or collectively, to use every endeavour to bring the offenders to justice. As this subject had been mentioned to him, he thought it necessary to draw their attention to it, as one of the greatest importance, alike affecting themselves, and every member of society, who placed any value upon his own or his neighbour's welfare, happiness, and *safety*."

Respecting Gaol regulations, his Lordship observed—

"The Gaol of Warwick had always been the *admiration of the world*, (if

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Respecting Gaol regulations, his Lordship observed—

"The Gaol of Warwick had always been the admiration of the world, (if



he might be permitted to use the expression), as regarded its cleanliness, comfort, convenience, and regularity; but, he has been informed by Mr. Justice Richardson, who presided there at the last Assizes, that at some periods there was not sufficient room for the confinement of the different classes of prisoners. He (Mr. Justice Park) was no visionary on these subjects; he did not wish to see a prisoner in the enjoyment of every comfort, whilst those he had *wronged* were, perhaps, in want. Prisoners, after conviction, should be made to feel the punishment inflicted on them; but, at the same time, their reformation and future good conduct should not be neglected."

Zounds ! A JAIL "the ADMIRATION OF THE WORLD!" And, doubtless, then, the "*Envy of surrounding nations!*" Well; I'll certainly go to Warwick, since I can by only one night's ride in the mail-coach see that which "has *always* been the admiration of the world." Sir RICHARD PHILLIPS has published a work containing an account of the "*Hundred Wonders of the World*;" but, I do not find Warwick-jail amongst them. I hope, in his next edition, he will make them a *hundred and one*; or, omit one of the present wonders. Suppose he were to leave out two of his present wonders; and, in their place, put in, *first* WARWICK-JAIL and, *second*, the fact, as stated by the Agricultural Committee, that (under a constitution which is the envy of surrounding nations and the admiration of the world) *farms*

*are become not worth cultivating*; that being the fair meaning of the second paragraph of the Report.

With regard to prisoners "*enjoying every comfort*," while those, whom they have "*wronged*" are, perhaps, in want, I never yet heard of any man fool or rogue enough to wish it. But I cannot help recollecting, that Messrs. Wooler, Edmonds and Maddocks are in Warwick-jail, and I never heard of their *wronging* any body, and especially any body likely to be in want. This hint was not, of course, intended to apply to them; for, at any rate, "*their reformation*" will not, I am afraid, be effected, until the accomplishment of *another reformation*, of which it will be useless to say much till about this day fifteen or sixteen months. Those gentlemen have the consolation to observe the *march of events*. They are all young enough to witness the result. They have only to take the best care of their health that they can; and to summon up their fortitude and patience.

As to the other part of this charge, the judge had, it seems, been "*informed*," that "*sedition and blasphemy*" had found their way into "*the retired and secluded town of Warwick*;" which description of Warwick does not, by the

by, seem to square very well with the fact, the jail of Warwick "had *"always been the admiration of the world;"* for in this case, a good many of the "*world*" must necessarily have come to Warwick. But, let that pass : and now for this "*sedition and blasphemy.*" The judge had been "*informed*" about this *sedition and blasphemy* having found their way into Warwick. But, the information might have been *false*. FELIX was *informed*, that St. PAUL had been guilty of *sedition and blasphemy* ; but, when he came to hear the Apostle himself, Felix found that the rascally priests and their bigotted and besotted followers were liars, and were ready to be murderers too. The Apostle detected their falsehoods, exposed their hypocrisy ; and though Felix was base enough to detain him in prison, he finally escaped the death which the profligate, perjured, cruel, savage and bloody-minded priests had prepared for him.

Therefore, some caution is necessary in receiving *information* of this kind ; and, in the history of the Apostles we have, too, a pretty striking proof, that "*force*" is not the best means of "*restraining*" *opinions* ; for, as far as the alleged offences go, they consist of the promulgation of *opinions*, and no-

thing further. This coupling of *sedition and blasphemy* everlastingly together answers no end. The people know how to separate them very well. And, if they cannot separate them, they will, in time, be very apt to embrace one for the sake of the other. Mr. PARKE, doubtless, means real *sedition* ; that is to say, an *unlawful rising* in opposition to the government ; but, the mercenary news-papers call it *sedition* to be anxious, for instance, to put down disgraceful and notorious corruptions, or to pay respect to the remains of our injured Queen. The *Courier* accuses nine tenths of the people of the metropolis of *sedition*, committed on the memorable 14th of August. Now, this being "*sedition*," and it being impossible to make the people *think ill* of it, they will, unless the *sedition* be clearly *defined*, be apt, when they hear *sedition and blasphemy* coupled together so frequently, to think that the *blasphemy* is *not such a bad thing* ; or, rather, that it is a necessary appendage, a sort of *tail*, to that *sedition* which they are proud to be accused of.

In short, the best way for *judges*, in such cases, is, I venture to suggest, to *define* them both. For, without definition, people will be confused by what is said of these

things in the mercenary prints. Or, perhaps, a better way would be to suffer that *sedition*, which excites *no tumult*, and that *blasphemy* which disturbs no congregation, to work their own harmless way. The DEBT is the devil of this whole government; and, unless means be found to combat that, all other efforts are vain. It is to be combated successfully only by REFORM; and this, the COURIER tell us, is *sedition and blasphemy!* What, then, are we to do? Why, *let the thing work cheerly on*; and we shall soon see the landlords, at least, as peaceable, as pious and as pennyless, as heart can wish.

I shall be obliged to any one (who has more leisure than I have) when he comes across one of these "*charges*," worthy of notice, to mark it, and send me the paper that it is in. These things become *publications*; and if they touch on *politics*, or on any *general principles* out of mere *law*, they may demand something from the press in return.

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TO

### MONEY-HOARDERS.

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WELL, how do you feel now? Do you find the gold *plenty* at the Bankers? They were very bold

and bragging, in London, just after the Old Mother began to pay. They were ready to *force* gold upon those who went with *checks*. [They now, not *ask you* whether you will *take paper*; but, in some cases, actually *give you paper* without a word, just in the old style. In short, there is a *difficulty* in getting gold, except at the Bank; and every thing that I see and hear tends to convince me, that the Old Mother will, before parliament can meet, use her "*sound discretion*."] for long

Observe, however, that, as to the main point, her *discretion* is useless; for, *gold bars* she must give at 77s. 10<sup>1</sup>/<sub>2</sub>d. an ounce. This is the rock of safety to the people. The paper cannot get out so as to *raise prices*, while she is *compelled to pay in bars at this price of gold*. The country banks must keep *dwindling down*. For, do observe this fact. Bank notes are so many evidences of *Debt*. They show that the issuer *owes* the amount of them. Every man that holds one of the rags is a *creditor* of the Banker. Now, suppose, I had got into my hands a hundred one pound notes of Ragbag & Co. in the year 1800; and had laid them by from that day to this. They were then worth 100 *bushels of wheat*; but, if I carry them in



for *payment now*, Ragbag & Co. have to pay me about 350 bushels of wheat! The same, only in a lower degree, will take place as to the notes that Ragbag & Co. put out *only in April last!* And the same must be constantly going on *as long as prices keep falling*; and keep falling they must (effect of *seasons* excepted) *till the whole of the Pitt paper-system be put an end to*, unless Peel's Bill be *repealed*; and I do not think that we shall find any body impudent and infamous enough to attempt to cause so horrible a measure to be adopted.

The more notes, you see, that Ragbag & Co. *have out*, the worse it must be for them in the end. Therefore, *look sharp*. Somebody must go unpaid. What relish can any man of sense have for a Lottery, where there may be *some blanks*, at any rate, where there can be *no prizes*, and where *all may* be blanks! Away, then, with this uncertainty, this peril, this ticklish holding. If you have country bank notes, carry them in and get Mother Bank Notes for them; and they will bring you the *gold*; and having gotten that into your hands, you are safe. If you have what is called "*money in funds*," sell it out, and get gold for it.

You will observe, that the Mother bank is in the same state as her whelps, as to *loss* arising from *paying her notes* in a higher price of commodities than that in which she issued them. Upon every note that she draws in *and destroys* (and *destroy* she has and must) she *loses* something; because she has now to pay in gold. Therefore, be you assured, that she will *issue no more* unless in lieu of a part of what she destroys. And, pray, bear in mind, that she must keep on regularly destroying some, unless Peel's Bill be repealed.

Some people, and especially *country bankers*, nurse themselves up with the notion, *that this will be done*. They would do well to dismiss the *nurse*, and call in the halter or rat's-bane to their relief at once. They even go so far as to say, that the parliament is to be called together in *November*, to repeal the Bill! I must confess, that I did hear some *ugly rumours* of this sort, about *three weeks ago!* However, the thing is too shameful, too hateful, too dastardly and infamous to be thought of. It would hold the nation up to the world as the most rascally band of swindlers that ever infested and disgraced the earth; and, besides this, the thing

must then end in a convulsive, pillaging, and, perhaps, bloody, revolution. All the wisdom and all the virtue in the world would not prevent such a catastrophe. What! plunge the Labourer back again into actual starvation! Break a second time all contracts to his enormous injury! Rob every servant man and maid of half a year's wages! Mulet every soldier of the half of his pay for life! Rob every poor pensioner that has got a pittance for his wounds! Oh, no! No ministry will ever do this; and, I must do the present Ministers the justice to say, that they have manfully resisted all attempts to induce them to be guilty of so infamous an act. God grant them courage to proceed in this "*stern* path of duty," and grant us of the "*Lower Orders*" grace to be grateful unto him for that health, wealth and prosperity that we shall be sure to derive from it!

And, now, for that sneaking cur,  
*Egerton Smith*.

#### "GLORY'S" FACTION.

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Reader, it is about *Egerton Smith* that I am going to write; but, I offer no *apology*. We have, indeed, the foxes to pursue, but

we must also destroy the *vermin*, the polecats, the weasels, and even the rats. This *Egerton Smith* is the proprietor, I fancy, of a newspaper at Liverpool, which is called the *Mercury*. He is also, a Chairman or a Member or something of an electioneering Club, whimsically called the *Concentric Society*. This man was introduced to me at Liverpool during the time that I was there, previous to my embarkation for New York, in the year 1817. For some reasons or other, which it is not worth while to inquire into, he thought proper to begin an indirect series of attacks upon me almost as soon as my back was turned; but, in 1818, when the papers were published upon the subject of the "*Puff-out*" he fell upon me with the whole force of his malignity. He called it a "*fiend-like*" project, and called me by every vile name that his malice could suggest. When "*Glory*" thought proper to send his "*answer*" to a private letter of mine to be read at Brooke's in the Strand, instead of sending that letter to me, this *Egerton Smith* was one of the trumpeters of that answer at Liverpool.

I felt nothing but contempt for this man; and I hardly ever took any notice of him or of his writ-

ings; except on the score of the "Puff-out" subject.

The political Club, spoken of above, under the name of Concentric Society, had been the supporters of BROUGHAM and of LORD SEFTON; but after "Glory's" gallant exploit of publishing private letters from vindictive political motives, this Concentric Society fell suddenly in love with "Glory;" did him the honour to enrol his name in their list, and invited him to a feast, at which he was mean enough to attend.

Carrying these preliminaries in your mind, reader, be pleased to look back about a month, and you will find, in one of my letters to the sleek-headed Mr. CROPPER, a parenthesis, I believe it was, in which I mentioned the meanness of this *Egerton Smith*, who, without rhyme or reason, had called the sly CROPPER his "respectable fellow Townsman." *Smith* says I gave him a kick for that. And did he not deserve it, pray? I proved CROPPER's letters to be masses of lies and calumnies on the West India Planters; and, SMITH by calling this man a respectable man, gave, with those who did not know the former, a sort of *pass-port*, a sort of good character, a character for *truth* and *sincerity* to the statements

and sentiments in CROPPER's letter. For this I gave the wasp a flick, which he has now endeavoured to resent in the form of a letter addressed to me, and published in the columns of his mean and corrupt paper.

This letter is made up chiefly of all the old, stale, ten times refuted and laughed at lies and calumnies of "Glory" and his Westminster Rump. There is one part of it, however, that I must particularly notice, because it serves to illustrate the true character of Glory's faction; or, rather, it is another instance of the desperate and most shameless perfidy of that faction, if even faction that can still be called, which is reduced in numbers to about twenty or thirty persons. The great characteristic of "Glory's" faction is, that, when *pushed* they always resort, if possible, to the *publishing of private letters!* This, which is the very basest thing that men can be guilty of; this, which the Chief Justice of the King's Bench so strongly reprobated in the case of *Cleary* and *Wright*, and which excited so much indignation throughout the whole Court, this is what "Glory's" faction always resort to; and this is what this *Egerton Smith*, as you will presently see, has now, in effect,

though not in form, actually resorted to! The paragraph to which I allude is as follows:—"I was guilty of the unpardonable sin of reprobating your celebrated expedient of inundating the country with forged Bank-notes, which I characterised as 'the suggestion of a fiend;' and further reflection has only tended to strengthen my detestation of a project from which every man of principle must shrink with disgust. You sometimes have appeared ashamed of your own bantling, and have more than once intimated that *you would not assist in carrying the 'puff-out' into execution; but, Sir, what would you say, if I were to produce a letter from a friend, or a quondam friend of yours, which goes to prove that if you have not taken an active part in realizing your darling scheme, it is because your friend refused you the requisite pecuniary aid? Such a letter I have; and that, too, from a gentleman who has been more than once the subject of your encomium; not that I set any higher value upon him on that account—tout au contraire.*"

There, reader! That is "Glory's" faction! Such and such only are the props of vain "Glory." Let

us take this paragraph in three ways; first suppose *Egerton Smith* has not such a letter. Then he is only a wilful and malicious liar. Next let us suppose that he has such a letter, and that he has the writer's permission to state the facts: then, he is aiding and assisting the perfidy of the writer, who is manifestly guilty of the basest treachery, of the basest betraying of private confidence, of the basest breach of private friendship, and that, too, from some private motive; and observe well, this aiding and abetting of *Smith* has for their motive private resentment against me; for, he keeps the letter a secret, till I give him a flick on account of his espousing the cause of CROPPER. Now let us take the paragraph in the third way: suppose *Smith* to have such a letter from a former friend of mine (for that seems to be his description,) without permission to make the contents of the letter public. Then he is guilty of the basest treachery towards the writer of the letter, and guilty of the foulest hostility towards me; and that, too, all from private resentment.

In either of these two last cases, his guilt is infinitely greater than that of WRIGHT, CLEARY, and the Rump; for, and pray mark the



distinction, they professed to act upon public grounds. They aided and abetted in the breach of public confidence, so strongly reprobated by the Judge, for the good of "Glory" and that of the cause; they said that they used the letter, not against me; not for any private revenge; but for the purpose of putting down Mr. HUNT, who was endangering "Glory's" election. But *Egerton Smith* has no such plea to put forward. He comprises in his own person WRIGHT, CLEARY, the RUMP, "Glory;" and all to gratify his own private revenge, excited, too, by a single flick given him by me, upon public grounds, and because he had made himself a partizan of a foul calumniator against West India planters not here to defend themselves.

Yet, the turpitude of this supporter of "Glory" does not stop even here. In the first place I declare the statement, or pretended statement, of the writer, or pretended writer of the letter, or pretended letter to be a FALSE-

HOOD. If there be such a letter it contains a sheer falsehood. In support of this declaration of mine, there is the strongest presumptive proof; for, observe, the "*Puff-Out*" articles were not written, till the month of July 1818. It is notorious that I always intended to come back to England; and, at that time, every Register will be found to speak more or less of the probable time of my return. I put it to the reader, whether he will believe a letter from any man, that should go to prove, that, under such circumstances, I really meant to put the project in execution myself; and, above all things, will he for a moment set in opposition to evidence like this, the bare word of a man, so destitute of all principle as to be guilty of such a savage breach of private confidence and private friendship?

*Encore un coup*, as I said to CROPPER; one more hit, and I have done; and, as in the case of Cropper, too, this relates to the vile *hypocrisy* of the party. As to the "*Puff-out*," it was a most me-

ritorious thing in me to state the appalling danger in the manner that I did; but, as I always said, I was not the discoverer. The discoverer to me was a gentleman of Liverpool, introduced to me in company with this very Egerton Smith, in the house of MR. HULME in that town! This gentleman, this inventor of the "fiend-like" project, was upon terms of the greatest intimacy with *Egerton Smith*; and, I ask you, reader, is it likely. and will you believe the fact, that this gentleman would communicate to me, an utter stranger, that which he had never communicated to his most intimate friends?

I say no more, but this, the Concentric Society, to avoid that charge of inconsistency, which they prefer against me, must instantly discharge their Chairman *Egerton Smith*, or, put upon their roll CLEARY, WRIGHT, and the the Westminster Rump.

In justice to the worthy men who invited me to dinner at Liverpool, let me observe, in answer to *Egerton Smith's* assertion that I

was offended with him because he declined to attend that dinner, that *he never was invited, he never was asked to attend that dinner*; and this I assert most positively upon the word of a man who has to thank God that he is in all respects the opposite of *Egerton Smith*.

As to the controversy, this *Egerton Smith* pretends to impartiality and independence, in publishing the letters of the "antagonist" of CROPPER; when it is as notorious at Liverpool as it is that there are ships and docks there, that he dares not refuse to insert the letters either of CROPPER or of the antagonist. However, about this the public, of course, cares nothing; and I certainly should have taken no notice of *Egerton Smith*, beyond, perhaps, the space of a parentheses, had he not furnished me with an occasion to show the world what stuff the faction of "Glory" is composed of. It is the breach of confidence faction. It is the private letter faction. The moment you attack it, it begins to

runimage about after private letters. In answer to all your facts, all your arguments, all your exposure of its political turpitude, it says, "I have got a private letter, and if you don't hold your tongue, *I'll publish it.*" Talk of chamber-maids! Talk of Billingsgate and St. Giles's! And, are these people to be considered as gentlemen, men of honour! men of sentiment! If we do this, there is an end to all distinction between good and bad; between that which ought to be cherished, and that which ought be swept from the face of the earth.

WM. COBBETT.

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BEAUTIES OF  
*B L A R N E Y.*

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If one could be so fixed as to see, at one and the same time, and to hear, too, all that is passing on both sides of the Irish Channel; and especially what was passing

on Tuesday week last in and about London and in and about Dublin, what must be the effect upon the mind? However, without any attempt in this place to say much in the way of comment upon what the sincere creatures of the dear "sister kingdom," those fine and generous feeling creatures, are, or have been saying and doing, I shall just collect together for this present time a little posey of extracts, which may be well enough denominated the *beauties of blarney*. It is such a specimen of blustering bombast and of slaver-ing sycophancy as, perhaps, never was equalled in the world. An Austrian Soldier, who had served in the Hanoverian Batallions against the Americans, during the revolutionary war, and who had been discharged and gone after the war to be a settler in New Brunswick came to our Barracks at St. John's, and represented himself in great distress for want of tools to clear his land with. Our men, as was their custom, got the fellow into the Barracks, gave him

victuals and drink, and kept him amongst them for a day or two. The story of want of tools having reached me, I sent and bought an axe, a cross-cut saw, a hammer, a spade and some other things, without saying any thing to the fellow. When I had got the tools, I ordered them to be given to him. The fellow upon the tools being given to him in my presence, run up and seized hold of my hand and wanted to kiss it. I pulled my hand away; and he actually, and very suddenly fell down upon the ground and *kissed my shoe!* I, of course, drew my leg away as soon as I could and got away from from the vile slave; but what struck me the most was the shame and indignation depicted upon the countenances of our men, who were generally Norfolk men, and who were standing about the place, being dressed for guard. There the matter dropt with me; but the men, who had been so kind and generous to the Austrian before, who had treated him and lodged him and given him bits of clothing

for his family as if he had been their brother, actually shoved him out of the Barrack gate in an hour after guard mounting, and into that gate he never again found admittance.

I cannot read the writing of the Irish newspaper writers, without calling to mind this shoe-licking Transilvanian; and I believe, and am sure, that, upon reading those writings, the feelings of the people of England and Scotland are precisely the feelings of the Soldiers of our regiment, (which was called the West Norfolk regiment) upon the occasion that I have referred to. Be it observed, however, that there was some ground for the excessive adulation of the Transilvanian. He was settled in a wilderness. He could not gnaw down the trees, nor make the bark hang together upon his hut, without tools. Without tools he could raise no food, and without money he could have no tools; and he had no money; for, though the soldiers were ready to cram him with their victuals and drink, mo-



ney from them was out of the question. My present of tools, which partly arose, perhaps, from my habit of desiring to see a great strapping fellow like him at work, was so great, and so unexpected an act of what he would naturally deem to be generosity, that a little exaggeration in the way of gratitude, appeared not to be so very inexcusable. Yet, the crawling mode of expressing that gratitude was indescribably shocking to me and certainly not less so to the soldiers who were the witnesses of it. Whether the Irish have as much excuse for their fulsome, slobbering, slaving, nasty, puke-giving language upon the present occasion, as the Transilvanian had for his desperate attempt to wipe my shoe with his tongue, I pretend not to determine. And, indeed, it would be presumption to pretend to determine this point, unless one were previously informed, whether the sincere and grateful Irish have received from George the Fourth, and that particular minister *Castlereagh*, whom they most loudly extol, favours

greater in proportion than that which I had conferred on the shoe-licking Transilvanian. One more remark or two and then I proceed to my posey.

A *Triumphal Arch*, and a *Triumphal Entry*, are talked of. Let me ask: over *whom* has his Majesty *triumphed*? It is said that the King will go again to Ireland and hold his Court there. It is asserted that he has *declared* he will, to which I have only to subjoin, God grant that this may be the case. It is said, and very positively said, too, that the King will permit *no soldiers to be near him*! Bravo! This is doubtless his Majesty's taste; and, therefore, let us hope that nearly the whole of the army may be disbanded, and that we may see a grand economical Reform. This being the taste of the King, what are we to say to those Ministers who had twenty one corps of Military in and about London on the day of his Coronation!—One remark more, his Majesty is said to have issued his commands for a

*sham naval fight* in the Bay of Dublin. *What nation* is to represent the beaten enemy? Not the same that was compelled to haul down its flag in the *Serpentine River*! Oh! no! Not the Yankees; for they, in spite of the sincere Irish newspapers, took two whole English frigates, the Yankees having an inferior force in both cases, and took every frigate but one, in battle of frigate against frigate on the great ocean. Surely not the Bourbon, the Prussian or the Autocrat, who then is to be the beaten foe? I should not wonder if the Potatoo was suffered to take its full ferment to see a beaten enemy found nearer home, but, there can be little doubt that his Majesty's "*true Irish heart*" will dictate every thing that is wise and decorous upon so important an occasion. But I detain the reader too long, I must put a stop to my own loquacity and suffer the dear Joys to pour out their sweet souls in their own unaffected language.

(FROM THE DUBLIN EVENING POST OF  
THURSDAY, AUGUST 9.)

His Majesty, it is expected, will make *his triumphal entry* into Dublin to-morrow.—The preparations which have been made to receive him, are conducted on the most magnificent and extensive scale. We have devoted the greater part of our columns to a history of the details which will take place at this august ceremony. We have nothing to add in the way of comment. Indeed the public have little appetite at present for any thing but a display of facts, however minute these may be.

DUBLIN, AUGUST 11.

At a quarter to four o'clock, the Lightning entered the mouth of the harbour, and threw her chain on shore; she was soon safely moored, and at this moment a Gentleman, whose eye had been fixed on a noble figure standing on the quarter deck, with a sort of convulsive cry, exclaimed, "The King!" He could say no more—the intelligence operated like an electric shock on the multitude, and in a second every voice was raised to its utmost, to hail our glorious Monarch to our native soil. Never did I wit-

ness such enthusiasm; every head was uncovered, and every hand stretched forth to welcome the august Visitor, who, finding himself discovered, took off a foraging cap which he wore on his head, and bowed in the most graceful manner. He seemed *deeply affected*; and, as he regarded the *almost frantic* mass before him, the tear of affectionate sensibility glittered in his eye. Cheer followed cheer, and shout followed shout, in quick succession, accompanied by exclamations of "God bless King George IV.!" "Welcome—welcome *ten thousand times to these shores!*" "Long may *you reign!*" &c.—The ladder being placed against the pier, his Majesty, with the assistance of some of his suite, ascended—and, for the first time, touched Irish ground! A new burst of congratulation followed, and the throng pressed upon his Majesty with impetuous delight. His Majesty shook the hands which were held out to him, and seemed fully sensible of the sincerity with which he was greeted. A lane was now formed to the carriage, into which his Majesty got; but he was no sooner seated, than a hundred hands were again thrust towards him; and as he held *his own hands, one out of each window, they were grasped with the most affec-*

*tionate kindness.* With difficulty was this scene brought to a conclusion; and at length the carriage proceeded towards Dublin, surrounded and followed by vehicles of every description, as well as by an immense crowd of pedestrians, who gathered strength as they proceeded, and repeatedly rent the air with their cheers and exclamations of loyalty and attachment. There was *not a soldier* nor a *peace officer* present.—His Majesty was dressed in a large blue coat, with a velvet collar, and wore a seal-skin foraging cap on his head. He appeared tanned from the effects of his voyage, but was in excellent health.—There came on shore with his Majesty, the Marquess of Londonderry, Sir Edmund Nagle, Sir John Doyle, and a numerous suite. The Marquess of Londonderry entered the Custom-house, where he wrote a dispatch, and afterwards proceeded to Dublin in the Mail. *He was loudly cheered.* The remainder of the passengers also went to the city as quickly as they could obtain vehicles.

His Majesty, I understand from the Mate of the Lightning, left Holyhead at ten o'clock, and when we reached the Park (for I accompanied him all the way) it wanted a quarter to six. The royal carriage took the

private road to the Vice Regal Lodge, and on reaching the principal entrance, his Majesty alighted without assistance, amidst the renewed shouts and cheers of several thousand persons. He again took off his cap and bowed with great condescension, and before he entered the house, *addressed the assembled crowds* in the following words:—"In addressing you, my friends now around me, I conceive I am addressing the Nobility, Gentry, and Yeomanry, of Ireland. I can truly say this is one of the happiest moments of my life.—I am the first of my family who have set foot on Irish ground. That burst of feeling which I have witnessed in my progress here has been most delightful to me; it shall be my endeavour to repay it. Early in life I loved Ireland; I trust I can boast of a *truly Irish heart*. I am just now under the inconvenience of a long and protracted voyage. Gentlemen, accept my hearty thanks for *your truly Irish welcome*."—Thus, I have endeavoured to give a short, and I feel, a very imperfect sketch of the particulars of *this heart cheering scene*; a scene which I may justly say, is the *proudest Ireland ever witnessed*.

DUBLIN PATRIOT, Aug. 9.

It is not intended, nor could it be supposed, that the object of the Royal visit to the Curragh on the day or days he may *vouchsafe* to honour the only Royalty of this kind in Ireland with his august presence, will be confined to *Turf amusements*. No. The well known kindness of Majesty's nature, and the affectionate feelings which he cherishes for his attached and dutiful subjects, will derive and diffuse sensations of far *more touching delight, joy, and gratification*, by presenting himself to, and beholding in his immediate view, upwards of half a million of the *warmest and stoutest-hearted beings of God's creation*, collected together on the *most magnificent plain in the King's dominions*, for the purpose of rendering a just homage, and manifesting an enthusiastic devotion, to the first King that ever *blessed* them with his presence, and to the most illustrious and *successful Monarch* that ever wielded the British sceptre.

MORNING CHRONICLE, 20 Aug.

Dublin, 15 Aug.

A Meeting of the Householdiers of the City of Dublin was held at nine o'clock yesterday evening, at the Royal



Exchange, for the purpose of arranging the manner of walking in his Majesty's procession: Alderman Smith was called to the Chair.

Mr. O'Connell said, that the Deputies of the City, like true and faithful, yet prudent Representatives, had taken especial good care of themselves [a laugh.] Those Gentlemen were to be mounted, but no arrangement whatever appeared to have been made respecting the great body of the people, who on the day of his Majesty's public entry would, doubtless, press upon the public highway. It was but right that the comfort and convenience of the great body of the people should form the first object of consideration. He therefore suggested, that the pedestrians should set out, arranged in an orderly manner, before the horsemen in the procession.

After some desultory conversation, the proposition was agreed to.

Mr. Levisay now took occasion to state, that having been at Howth when his Majesty landed, he could with truth declare, that he never saw so much affability—such condescension—so much of true Irish feeling about any man, as distinguished his Ma-

jesty on that occasion [hear, hear.]

He followed his Majesty to the Park, and heard the speech which caused so much observation—his Majesty spoke from the heart—he was eloquent as he was graceful—he never heard any man, not the most practised of popular orators—and he saw now the first of them in his eye (pointing to Mr. O'Connell) who ever addressed a multitude with so much animation—so much spirit or public effect as did his Majesty on the day of his landing [hear, hear].

Mr. Alderman Smith took occasion to say, that he was in the course of that day informed by Mr. Gregory (we presume the Under Secretary) that his Majesty declared it to be his wish, that *on no occasion* during his stay in Ireland, should there be displayed any *military pageantry*—his Majesty wished for no *soldiers*—for no *peace-officers*—for no force but the people [loud and continued cheers.]

Mr. Linden Bolton said, that the announcement which was just made, must be gratifying to the country at large. He would only say that the confidence of his Majesty in his Irish people was not misplaced. His Majesty, it seemed, did not wish to be attended by soldiers—let him be at-

tended by the people. He, with the permission of the Meeting, would move, that it be suggested to Sir Benjamin Bloomfield, that it is the earnest wish of the Citizens of Dublin, that a select body of the Citizens might have the gracious permission of his Majesty to attend on his person on all public occasions at his Majesty's pleasure [loud applause.]

Mr. John Lawless felt it his duty to oppose the motion. He was as much disposed as any man in the country to pay all due respect to the Sovereign; but he thought the proposition of his Hon. Friend would appear too slavish and servile for a people who aspired to be free.

A Gentleman, whose name we could not learn, said that he hoped the opposition of the last Speaker would stand alone.

Mr. O'Connell said he would cheerfully support the motion. He could see nothing slavish, servile, or mean about it—his Majesty wisely, with a generous confidence in the Irish people, expressed a wish that no soldiers should attend on his person [hear, hear.] What could be more gratifying than this—what more worthy of a *Constitutional Monarch*—what

more honourable to the character of a loyal and devoted people [great applause]? That declaration alone was enough to endear his Majesty to the Irish people [applause.] It was right that some guard of honour should attend his Majesty—to prefer the guard which will best defend him—the Citizens of Dublin—the faithful guards to a Patriot King [hear, hear.]

The Chairman, before he put the question felt gratified in being able to state, from what he considered the best authority, that his Majesty was delighted not only with the reception he received, but with the fine appearance of the country. His Majesty expressed a determination *shortly to return to Ireland to hold a Court* [loud applause,] and he was graciously pleased to say, that he would *regularly in every three years pay Ireland a visit* [loud shouts of applause.]

The Resolution was passed unanimously.

The Meeting then adjourned.

It has been at length officially announced that his Majesty makes his grand entry on Friday; it will, no doubt, be a spectacle the like of which was never witnessed in this country—the *popularity* of the King amongst all ranks of the people is, if I may say so,



unbounded—a reception awaits him which, perhaps, in the history of the world, no King ever was fortunate enough to have enjoyed. On Monday, a Levee, which will be attended by every person of rank here. So great has been the run on shopkeepers, that there is scarcely a single article of Court Dress to be got in the City of Dublin. An acquaintance of mine showed me a sword, the last one, he assured me, that had remained undisposed of in Dublin: it was a plain dress sword, price 10*l*. I have it from authority on which I rely, that the King is most anxious, as it were, to break away to the people. Ministers wished to defer the public entry till Monday, but he could not be prevailed on to wait so long. He is delighted with every thing about him: you will see by the Report I send you, that he has expressed his determination to visit Ireland and hold a Court there every three years. Another declaration of his is *worthy of a Patriot King*. “*I want no soldiers,*” said he, “*I want no other guards than my Irish people.*” This is *quite new* to the people of a country in which the meanest tax man on every petty occasion called out the military to oppress and to intimidate and to insult them.

## DUBLIN EVENING POST.

August 14th.

Such was the entrance of George IV. among his Irish people.—There was no parade, no soldiers, no civic authorities, no guard, no police—it was only the King and his people.

His Majesty arrived in Dublin on the 12th of August, the Anniversary of his Birth-day—a happy and auspicious coincidence.

We have read of various triumphal entries of Conquerors and mighty Monarchs—of Alexanders into Babylon, of Pompey’s triumph in Rome—all very grand and very imposing. The public entry of the King of Ireland would have been a most magnificent and gorgeous display. But we had rather witness the scene of Sunday, than all the grandeur that was ever exhibited. It is one of those which few men have ever seen—it was one for the heart, and not for the eye—it was one whose splendor passes not away with the procession—it will rest on our affections—it will live for ever in our memories.

## DUBLIN JOURNAL.

Although this harbour is not less than nine English miles from the city of Dublin, yet the road was, from an early hour this morning, thronged

with vehicles of every description, from the barouche and four down to the humble—but not on that account the less important and noisy—ten-penny jingle. On the appearance of the *steam-packet*, the congregated multitudes began to descend from the rocky hill, where they had been promenading in thick array, towards the harbour; and on her arrival, the projecting piers, which enclose this capacious basin, were crowded to excess with a number of spectators of both sexes, most elegantly dressed, and expressing, in every feature, the greatest anxiety to learn every thing or any thing of his Majesty's arrival. In the crowd were to be seen several of the most respectable merchants of Dublin, with their *lovely wives*, and still more *lovely daughters*. The passengers were assailed one after another without ceremony, and with the most anxious inquiries, "If his Majesty had yet arrived in Holyhead"—"if he were to stop with Lord Anglesea"—"when would he probably arrive in Dublin?" So importunate and so repeated were the questions, that nothing but the subject could excuse them; and such was the thing taken by the passengers, who good-naturedly replied, that they could give no information

on the point, but that preparations were made for his Majesty's reception at the Marquess of Anglesea's, where his Majesty was expected tomorrow (Monday.) The people departed, visibly disappointed of the expected information, and praying the speedy and safe arrival of *their much beloved King*. This was one of those occasions on which even a superficial [observer] could not fail of marking the distinguishing features of the disposition of this people. Their attachment to the person of his Majesty does not seem to arise from a principle of *loyalty only*, or from a *sober sense of duty*: there is something *still more exquisite*—there is a *pure emanation from the heart*, *genuine, ardent, and intense*. There is a *buoyancy* in their spirit, and an *enthusiasm* in their zeal, which is capable of subduing the most callous heart to a sympathy in *their affectionate feelings for the person of his Majesty*. The soberest man cannot possibly escape the *infection of their enthusiasm*; and if there be a single subject in his Majesty's dominions with a particle of disrespect or disaffection to his Majesty, a sojournment *among this people must infallibly eradicate every disloyal sentiment from his bosom for ever*.



FROM THE DUBLIN JOURNAL OF  
WEDNESDAY, AUG. 15.

This day his Majesty held a private Levee at the Lodge in the Park, of the Public Authorities.

On Friday (17th inst.) it is said his Majesty will make his entrance into the City of Dublin, in grand procession, from the Park.

After Thursday, his Excellency's Court will cease, during the residence of our illustrious Monarch, whose special officers will perform the duties of their respective stations.

His Majesty, desirous of gratifying the public as much as possible, will issue his commands, we have heard, *for a sham naval fight in the Bay of Dublin.* After which he will land on the Royal Slip at Dunleary pier, and proceed to the City, not in regular procession, but amidst the assemblage of his loyal people of all classes. Two fleets of 12 or 15 sail each might be collected, and certainly no spectacle

can equal in grandeur that of a naval battle, but to the islanders of this realm, it must awaken an association of ideas peculiarly gratifying—when we reflect that the United Kingdom is the *mistress of the waves*—that during last war, we destroyed or *chased the navies of every country from the face of the ocean*—when we think, we say, of the glories of Rodney, of Howe, of Duncan, of Nelson, of Exmouth, and of a hundred others—we cannot but feel a ray of that inspiration which animated their heroic souls. Our navy has long been our pride, and it has saved us, on several occasions, from the horrors of foreign invasion—its thunder has reached every shore, and its flag still rides triumphant on every sea. We sincerely hope that our information regarding this point will prove correct—a sea fight would be a treat of the rarest kind to his Majesty's *affectionate subjects* of Ireland, and would also convey a true idea of what is *really sublime.*

# AGRICULTURAL REPORT.

I HAVE NOW the *Evidence* at full length. It has required time to read and well examine four hundred and seventy-nine folio pages! It is my intention to begin my exposition of the contents of this ponderous volume next week. I have somewhat altered my plan. But, it will be time enough to say more of this in my next.

## ANSWER TO CROPPER.

THE Register, which contains the first Letter to Cropper will be reprinted, and also that containing the second Letter to him, in the course of next week.

N.B. I have not quite done with friend Cropper; but, I find I was in error as to his having been an election supporter of CANNING. The system generally has been the object of his support. My infor-

mation as to Cropper's election support I have from authority very different from that of Egerton Smith. I have it from a man that is to be believed.

Lewes, Wednesday,  
29, Aug. 1821.

Cropper's Letter, under the name of "*Veritas*," has just reached me, here,—I will give old Sly a fresh castigation next week. He lets out some curious facts. I will teach the whole sect to "be in the quiet" before I have done with them.—The wheat, in this beautiful and fertile part of the country, is about three fourths cut; and, it is as fine as fine can be. For many miles round this place, there are, on an average, three wagon loads of sheaves to an acre. There is hardly any blight. The straw, except in very small spots here-and-there, is bright as silver. All is good. The wheat, the barley, the oats, the beans, the peas, have been excellent; and the equal of the Turnips, of



both kinds, I never saw on a general scale. I have ridden along to-day, for about half a mile, with about 50 acres of wheat on my right, which I am sure contain more than 40 bushels to the acre; and with about an equal extent of Swedish turnips on my left, in rows at perhaps 2 feet apart, and without a single perceivable chasm. It is wet here to-day. The clouds are now flying along

*lower down* than the tops of the *South-down-hills*, which tops are, however, covered with verdure. —Here live the ELLMAN'S, who gave evidence before the *Agricultural Committee*, which *Evidence* I shall, next week, begin to examine. Faith! these ELLMAN'S are no *asses!* They know what they are about. But, they should have "*been in the quiet.*" They should *not have given evidence!*





# COBBETT'S WEEKLY REGISTER.

VOL. 40.—No. 8.] LONDON, SATURDAY, SEPT. 8, 1821. [Price 6d.

Published every Saturday Morning, at Six o'Clock.

## COBBETT'S LETTERS TO LANDLORDS,

*On the Agricultural Report  
and Evidence.*

### LETTER I.

Worth, Sussex, 1 September 1821.

LANDLORDS,

1. IN the Register of the 11th of last month, at page 230, I opened this subject, in what I called the *first Number* of a series of articles. Since that day, I have obtained a copy of the *Evidence*, subjoined to the Report of the *Agricultural Committee*, of which Committee Mr. GOOCH was Chairman. I had, before, obtained *extracts*, and had made minutes; but, upon examining the *Evidence* at full length, I find what I before possessed to be very imperfect as to some weighty particulars. Indeed, the papers now before me furnish, if my mind be equal to the task, matter for the most instructive essays, on the management of a nation's affairs, that writer ever penned and peo-

ple ever perused. We have here, though mixed up pell-mell; though thrown together like all sorts of grain with all sorts of chaff, with the addition of dirt and dust and muck and dung; all the materials for showing, *how it is* that a people is rendered happy or miserable, contented or discontented, loyal or disaffected, by the *measures of a government*.

2. Will you, *the Landlords*, read these Essays with attention and patience? No; not you, indeed; but, the Essays will live to bear witness of your great injustice and of your greater folly; and, the historian, when he is giving an account of the *revolutions* of these times, of the sappings, the underminings, the explosions, of these days, and especially of the silent *fall* of the *old* and silent *rise* of the *new*, proprietors of the land, will, for the *causes* of so apparently unaccountable an event, refer to these very Essays.

3. The Report and Evidence make a closely printed folio volume of 479 pages. These have

*An Appeal to every part of the  
Public but Public Robbers.*

The Societies, which denominate themselves, a Society for the Suppression of Vice, and a Constitutional Association, having through their organ the New Times newspaper, avowed their union and determination to shut up the shop 55 Fleet Street, *if possible*, " R. Carlile pledges himself that he " will so far make a stand against " them, as to defeat and annihilate " them, if the honest part of the Public who are most interested in the " issue will give him a fair and liberal " support. Money is the sinew of this " as well as a less honourable warfare, and R. C. feels assured that " one tenth part of the money which " those two Societies will have to " spend, will enable him effectually " to defeat the whole gang. R. C. has " struggled on during an imprisonment of twenty-one months, and as " there are but fifteen months remaining of the period allotted him for " imprisonment, he feels assured that " the support which he now asks from " the Public, will enable him to triumph over all conspirators against " the Press being made an useful instrument. This is his first appeal " to the Public, and will be the last : " As an individual he will continue to " do his utmost ; as an instrument in " the hands of an honest public he will " support their wishes and exertions " as far as that public will support " him. There are two ways to which " he looks for support, by a liberal " purchase and circulation of his " publications, and by subscription.

" Either way that shall prove sufficient " will be to him equally satisfactory. " His expenses at present are extremely " heavy to meet the prosecutions " which have already come against " him, and he is not in a condition " to meet a further expense without " the assistance he now solicits and " feels himself entitled to."

*Dorchester Gaol, August 23th, 1821.*

The following sums have been received during his imprisonment from the respective places, for which R. C. returns thanks, and flatters himself that they have been well applied.

	£	s.	d.
Birmingham.....	2	12	6
Chichester.....	0	13	0
Cambridge.....	1	0	0
Crayford.....	1	11	0
Dartford.....	0	1	0
Deptford.....	1	3	0
Edinburgh.....	10	0	0
Plertford.....	0	2	6
The Island of Jamaica....	2	0	0
Leeds.....	5	8	1
Lynn.....	1	0	0
Manchester.....	12	2	6
Macclesfield.....	1	0	0
Nottingham.....	7	13	4
Norwich.....	2	0	0
Oldham.....	1	14	0
Pulborough.....	1	0	0
Portsea.....	1	13	0
Richmond, Yorkshire....	1	0	0
Sheffield.....	5	5	0
Stokesley, Yorshire.....	0	4	4
Stockport.....	1	0	0
Taunton, Somerset.....	0	5	0
Wisbeach.....	2	14	6
London and its vicinity..	143	15	3
	£ 206	18	0

## MILTON'S POLITICAL WORKS.

Speedily will be published, (at Dolby's 299, Strand,) in about six Numbers, 12mo. Price 6d. each,

**T**HE RIGHTS OF NATIONS to depose their kings, and to change or amend their systems of government; with a vindication of the KILLING OF TYRANTS: being an abridgement of Milton's celebrated Tracts, entitled "THE TENURE OF KINGS AND MAGISTRATES." To which is added, a new and abridged translation of his great work, called "A DEFENCE OF THE PEOPLE OF ENGLAND, AGAINST SALMA-SIUS." With notes and introductory remarks, by WILLIAM GREATHEED LEWIS. In No. 1. will be given a highly finished Portrait of the divine Milton.

To those Friends of Civil and Religious Liberty acquainted with the Political Writings of the immortal MILTON, no apology will be necessary for any attempt to give them a more general and extended circulation. The great price at which those admirable productions have been hitherto published, has absolutely precluded them from ever attaining any thing like the popular notoriety, to which, from the great celebrity of their Author, and their own intrinsic merit, they are justly entitled. The pieces now selected for publication, in their original form, are accompanied by a great deal of matter only applicable to the particular question relative to the death of Charles the First, and not at all interesting to the popular Reader of the present day. In their present form, however, they will be found divested of every thing of a local or particular nature, nothing being retained which

does not relate to the general question more immediately under consideration, namely, *the Rights of the People to AMEND, or CHANGE their SYSTEMS of GOVERNMENT, and to DEPOSE and PUNISH WICKED RULERS*, in opposition to the old doctrine of *Divine Right*, or the more modern one of *Legitimacy*, which teaches, that all changes of Government ought to emanate from the Governors only, and that they may do whatsoever they may think proper, being accountable to GOD alone for their actions. The former Translation, too, of the "*Defence*" is written in a style by no means popular, and frequently disfigured by vulgarisms and low sayings, not authorised by the original.

To Parliamentary Reformers, this Publication will be found a most excellent Text Book; and by the arrangement of the Editor, the very marrow of the Political Writings of our great Bard, is offered at a price within the reach of almost every Reader. At no time, perhaps, was such a production more necessary to be laid before the Public; and there is no doubt but it will prove, at the present moment, particularly serviceable and interesting. The pernicious doctrine of *Divine Right*, or *Legitimacy*, is now promulgated with peculiar energy, from the Pulpit, the Press, and the Bench: nothing being more common than to hear our Priests and our Judges declare, that it is the duty of Christians implicitly to obey "the powers that be." MILTON, who was himself one of the most pious and exemplary of Christians, clearly points out the extreme wickedness, and monstrous impiety of this abominable Doctrine. To enforce which however, we have lately seen most of

the Sovereigns of Europe join themselves in unholy alliance; and under the banners of this horrid and infernal principle, we have seen a triumphant army ravage the fertile plains of Italy, depriving, by the force of the sword, the people of Naples of a Government of their own choice, and compelling them to submit to a foreign tyranny the most cruel and oppressive. The servile Writers of our own Country too, taking their text from the book of the Apostate Burke (who himself has done little more than copy SALMASIUS, the writer whom Milton so triumphantly refutes) are daily preaching and inculcating similar opinions. So complete, indeed, was the triumph of MILTON over SALMASIUS, that in a few months after the publication of his book, it had not only found its way into the hands of almost every man of learning in Europe, but also into those of Sovereign Princes, one of whom, CHRISTIANA of Sweden, to her eternal honour be it spoken, was so convinced of the truth of its Doctrines, that she expelled from Court the servile SALMASIUS, whom she had before honoured with marks of her particular favour and attention.

Certainly the fundamental principles of Civil and Religious Liberty never found a more able advocate than MILTON. Those glorious and divine principles, so essential to the virtue and happiness of Nations, which ought to form the leading feature in the education of mankind, and which can never be too generally promulgated, or too anxiously inculcated, are in his Writings clearly stated and explained, illustrated with all the fervour of the most exalted eloquence, and supported by arguments at once convincing and in-

controvertible. MILTON does not merely content himself with founding his principles on the eternal Laws of Nature, and supporting them by reasons drawn from the same exalted source; but he also proves that they are conformable to the opinions of men of wisdom and learning of all ages, and, to what is of infinitely higher authority, the Revelations of God himself, as delivered to us in the Sacred Writings of the Old and New Testaments.

As an Epic Poet, MILTON is certainly equal, if not superior, to any other, whether ancient or modern. As such he is justly the pride and glory of England, and the envy and admiration of the World. But MILTON has other claims to the applause of Englishmen, which appear to have been purposely kept in the back ground, by those who unfortunately have too much power in controlling the English Press. As a Poet, he claims and obtains praise the most unbounded, and veneration the most profound; but as the incorruptible and unbending Patriot, as the eloquent, able, and argumentative Advocate of Liberty, he demands, not only our applause and respect, but our most ardent gratitude and sincere love.

In the Press, and will be Published at  
Dolby's, in a few days, Price 1s.

DESULTORY THOUGHTS on  
the DIVINITY, with Notes. "I  
" have no opinion that I would not  
" most willingly exchange for truth; I  
" may be sometimes wrong, I may  
" be sometimes right; at all events  
" discussion may be provoked, and as  
" this cannot be done without thought,  
" even that is a good."—C. C. COLTON.